SUGGESTION

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OUR promise to share with our readers a few of our amusing letters has now been fulfilled, and lest our purpose be misunderstood, we announce just here that unless something else quite out of the ordinary comes along, we shall publish no more of our genial criticisms—samples of which we have given in the "Smiles" column. The column will be continued, and filled with things that every reader may enjoy. Send along your experiences in occult phenomena, your results in the practice of Suggestive Therapeutics, and everything else of interest to SUGGESTION readers. The contributions of our readers are enjoyed and appreciated, and everything sent in will be used to the best possible advantage, in its rightful place. M. F.

Dr. Parkyn, the editor of SUGGESTION, returned from Mexico on the 12th ult. and reported matters at Motzorongo in a most flattering condition; an account of the doctor's visit appears in this issue. After attending a meeting of the directors, the doctor left again for Mexico on the 17th, with a party of twenty in a private car.

Dr. Parkyn will return in time to open the spring term of the Chicago School of Psychology on May 4th. The doctor's patients and many friends will be pleased to know that he will resume his practice also upon his return.

* * *

Notice is given that the next term of the Chicago School of Psychology will commence May 4th; lectures and demonstrations by Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D. Intending students should register by April 20. For further information address the secretary, 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago.

* * *

It frequently happens that a patient takes a medicine intended for another and yet promptly recovers. Doubtless all physicians have noted cases where this occurred. Why the recovery? The patient was in an expectant frame of mind; wanted to be well; believed the medicine would relieve him, and the pellets or powders were simply the material means to which he pinned his faith. One kind of pellet answers in these cases as well as another.

Oh, doctors, doctors! Why do you not more often give strong doses of encour-

agement, right thinking, hopefulness, faith? Why not give strong decoctions of suggestion? Study suggestive therapeutics and learn to know when a simple extract of imagination is all that is needed; there is time for physical doses when mental prescriptions fail.

* * *

The vast array of patent nostrums cure, when they do, by suggestion. A man reads an advertisement at the right psychological moment; he says, "I believe that will cure me." He buys the stuff, takes some, and says, "I knew it would help me; I feel better." He takes more, continues to re-enforce his auto-suggestions, and, lo, he is well, and another wonderful letter of endorsement is penned to carry the suugestion to others. And so on In a few years when the doctrine of suggestion is thoroughly understood by all, and when it is taught in the school books, the patent medicine business will disappear from the face of the earth. With the disappearance of such nostrums will come the dawn of better days for poor stomach.

* * *

SUGGESTION is to be enlarged and improved in many ways and the co-operation of all interested is cordially asked. We will be pleased to hear from any one who can suggest a way to make the publication more attractive, more entertaining, and more useful. Friends, let us have something from your point of view.

* * *

Our many friends and contributors have helped us greatly in the past with notices, experiences and contributions and we hope that we may continue to have the good will and assistance of every member of the SUGGESTION family. We want individuality, variety and enthusiasm. Help us spread the gospel of suggestive healing, drugless healing, natural healing—for the healing of the nations by rational methods.

* * *

It is quite true that poor Truth lives in the bottom of a well and whenever she tries to climb out some one whacks her over the knuckles. It's hard to climb out of a well if some one is viciously cracking your fingers with a club. Progress would be much more rapid if people were open to conviction. But we have our beliefs and we would rather die than see them overturned. These lovely children of our mind; we have reared them, nursed them, watched and defended them; shall some wretch come along and destroy them in a breath? Heaven forbid! Of course, we know others are wrong, but we are right—unquestionably. In other words, friends, we are not open to conviction. Only the Infinite can afford to be above conviction. Suppose we try another plan. Take stock of your mental furniture, and if you find something that has not been cleaned or upholstered for many years, trot it out and hold a court of inquiry. Mental furniture should be newly upholstered at least every year. Man must grow. Thoughts of yesterday will not do for thoughts of today. How many beliefs of today will survive in 500 years? Not one in ten thousand. Are you so egotistical as to think that YOUR beliefs will survive the wreck and ruin of time? Will still stand through the great intellectual cataclysms of the future? The beliefs of a wise man are like a piece of ice that changes in form even while you hold it in the hand. Man's unfoldment comes by thinking. The man who never changes his opinions is a man who never thinks.

* * *

Friends who notice news items of interest to SUGGESTION readers will kindly mail the same and accept our thanks.

During a session at the Chicago School of Psychology I was asked by a member of my class if a blister could be raised by suggestion. I replied that I had endeavored to raise a blister scores of times on good subjects but had never succeeded, and I told my class my experience with a somnambule, as reported in the November number of SUGGESTION. Then my student showed me a report by Mr. Lang on the "Fire Walk" in Tahiti, and said that these South Sea Island priests must be able to exercise some marvellous control over their bodies to prevent their feet from being burnt.

Although Mr. Lang's report appeared authentic, I said I was not satisfied to believe that an ignorant South Sea Islander possessed some special psychic power unknown to educated American scientists who have been making research into the domain of psychic science for years, and that if the truth could be ascertained the explanation of the "Fire Walk" feat would be found very simple.

I had forgotten the conversation until it was recalled a few days ago by the receipt of an illustrated reprint from the Smithsonian report for 1901, pages 539-544. The article is entitled "The Fire Walk Ceremony in Tahiti," and I present it to our readers verbatim. It is not only interesting in itself, but it shows how cautious we should be in accepting the stories of occult phenomena said to occur in far distant lands. As a rule the more distant and more uncivilized the land the more marvellous the tales become.

A comparison of the reports of Mr. Lang and Mr. Langley will show the difference in the powers of observation of the two gentlemen and show, also, that a man may be ever so great an investigator in his own special lines of scientific research, and still be a child when it comes to investigating unusual occult phenomena. EDITOR.

THE FIRE WALK CEREMONY IN TAHITI.

BY S. P. LANGLEY.

The very remarkable description of the fire walk collected by Mr. Andrew Lang and others had aroused a curiosity in me to witness the original ceremony, which I have lately been able to gratify in a visit to Tahiti.

Among those notable accounts is one by Colonel Gudgeon, British resident at Raratonga, describing the experiment by a man from Raiatea, and also a like account of the Fiji fire ceremony from Dr. T. M. Hocken, whose article is also quoted in Mr. Lang's paper on the "Fire Walk," in the Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research, February, 1900. This extraordinary rite is also described by Mr. Fraser in the Golden Bough, and by others.

I had heard that it was performed in Tahiti in 1897, and several persons there assured me of their having seen it, and one of them of his having walked through the fire himself under the guidance of the priest, Papa-Ita, who is said to be one of the last remnants of a certain order of the priesthood of Raiatea, and who had also performed the rite at the island of Hawaii some time in the present year, of which circumstantial newspaper accounts were given, agreeing in all essential particulars with those in the accounts already cited. According to these, a pit was dug, in which large stones were heated red-hot by a fire which had been burning many hours. The upper stones were pushed away just before the ceremony, so as to leave the lower stones to tread upon, and over these, "glowing redhot" (according to the newspaper accounts), Papa-Ita had walked with naked feet, exciting such enthusiasm that he was treated with great consideration by the whites, and by the natives as a god. I found it commonly believed in Tahiti that anyone who chose to walk after him, European or native, could do so in safety, secure in the magic which he exercises, if his instructions were exactly followed.

Such absolutely extraordinary accounts of the performance had been given to me by re-

spectable eyewitnesses and sharers in the trial, confirming those given in Hawaii, and, in the main, the cases cited by Mr. Lang, that I could not doubt that if all these were verified by my own observation, it would mean nothing less to me than a departure from the customary order of nature and something very well worth seeing, indeed.

I was glad, therefore, to meet, personally, the priest, Papa-Ita. He is the finest looking native that I have seen; tall, dignified in bearing, with unusually intelligent features. I learned from him that he would perform the ceremony on Wednesday, July 17, the day before the sailing of our ship. I was ready to provide the cost of the fire, if he could not obtain it otherwise, but this proved to be unnecessary.

Papa-Ita himself spoke no English, and I conversed with him briefly through an interpreter. He said that he walked over the hot stones without danger by virtue of spells which he was able to utter and by the aid of a goddess (or devil, as my interpreter had it), who was formerly a native of the islands. The spells, he said, were something which he could teach another. I was told by others that there was a still older priest in the island of Raiatea, whose disciple he was, although he had pupils of his own, and that he could "send his spirit" to Raiatea to secure the permission of his senior priest if necessary.

In answer to my inquiry as to what preparations he was going to make for the rite in the two or three days before it, he said he was going to pass them in prayer.

The place selected for the ceremony, fortunately, was not far from the ship. I went there at noon and found that a large, shallow pit or trench had been dug, about 9 by 21 feet and about 2 feet deep. Lying nearby was a pile containing some cords of rough wood and a pile of rounded water-worn stones, weighing, I should think, from 40 to 80 pounds apiece. They were, perhaps, 200 in number, and all of porous basalt, a feature the importance of which will be seen later. The wood was placed in the trench, the fire lighted and the stones heaped on it, as I was told, directly after I left, or at about 12 o'clock.

At 4 p. m. I went over again and found the preparations very nearly complete. The fire had been burning for nearly four hours. The outer stones touched the ground only at the edges of the pile, where they did not burn my hand, but as they approached the center the stones were heaped up into a mound three or four layers deep, at which point the lowest layers seen between the upper ones were visibly red-hot. That these latter were, nevertheless, sending out considerable heat there could be no question, though the topmost stones were certainly not red-hot, while those at the bottom were visibly so and were occasionally splitting with loud reports, while the flames from the burned wood near the center of the pile passed up in visible lambent tongues, both circumstances contributing to the effect upon the excited bystanders.

The upper stones, I repeat, even where the topmost were presently removed, did not show any glow to the eye, but were unquestionably very hot and certainly looked unsafe for naked feet. Native feet, however, are not like European ones, and Mr. Richardson, the chief engineer of the ship, mentioned that he had himself seen elsewhere natives standing unconcerned with naked feet on the cover of pipes conveying steam at about 300 degrees F., where no European foot could even lightly rest for a minute. The stones then were hot. The crucial question was, How hot was the upper part of this upper layer on which the feet were to rest an instant in passing? I could think of no ready thermometric method that could give an absolutely trustworthy answer, but I could possibly determine on the spot the thermal equivalent of one of the hottest stones trodden on. (It was subsequently shown that the stone might be much cooler at one part than another.) Most obviously, even this was not an easy thing to do in the circumstances, but I decided to try to get at least a trustworthy approximation. By the aid of Chief Engineer Richardson, who attended with a stoker and one of the quartermasters, kindly detailed at my request by the ship's master, Captain Lawless, I prepared for the rough but conclusive experiment presently described.

It was nearly forty minutes after 4, when six acolytes (natives) wearing crowns of flowers, wreathed with garlands and bearing poles nearly 15 feet long, ostensibly to be used as levers in toppling over the upper stones,

appeared. They were supposed to need such long poles because of the distance at which they must stand on account of the heat radiated from the pile, but I had walked close beside it a moment before and satisfied myself that I could have manipulated the stones with a lever of one-third the length, with some discomfort, but with entire safety. Some of the uppermost stones only were turned over, leaving a superior layer, the long poles being needlessly thrust down between the stones to the bottom, where two of them caught fire at their extremities, adding very much to the impression that the exposed layer of stones was red-hot, when in fact they were not, at least to the eye. These long poles and the way they were handled were, then, a part of the ingenious "staging" of the whole spectacle.

Now the most impressive part of the ceremony began. Papa-Ita, tall, dignified, flower-crowned, and dressed with garlands of flowers, appeared with naked feet and with a large bush of "ti" leaves in his hands, and after going partly around the fire each way, uttering what seemed to be commands to it, went back, and, beating the stones nearest him three times with the ti leaves, advanced steadily, but with obviously hurried step, directly over the central ridge of the pile. Two disciples, similarly dressed, followed him, but they had not the courage to do so directly along the heated center. They followed about halfway between the center and the edge, where the stones were manifestly cooler, since I had satisfied myself that they could be touched lightly with the hand. Papa-Ita then turned and led the way back, this time with deliberate confidence, followed on his return by several new disciples, most of them not keeping exactly in the steps of the leader, but obviously seeking cooler places. A third and fourth time Papa-Ita crossed with a larger following, after which many Europeans present walked over the stones without reference to the priest's instructions. The natives were mostly in their bare feet. One wore stockings. No European attempted to walk in bare feet, except in one case—that of a boy, who, I was told, found the stones too hot and immediately stepped back.

The mise en scène was certainly noteworthy. The site near the great ocean breaking on the barrier reefs, the excited crowd talking about the "red-hot" stones, the actual sight of the hierophant and his acolytes making the passage along the ridge where the occasional tongues of flame were seen at the center, with all the attendant circumstances, made up a scene in no way lacking in interest. Still, the essential question as to the actual heat of these stones had not yet been answered, and after the fourth passage I secured Papa-Ita's permission to remove from the middle of the pile one stone, which, from its size and position, every foot had rested upon in crossing and which was undoubtedly at least as hot as any one of those trodden on. It was pulled out by my assistants with difficulty, as it proved to be larger than I had expected, it being of ovoid shape, with the lower end in the hottest part of the fire. I had brought over the largest wooden bucket which the ship had and which was half filled with water, expecting that this would cover the stone, but it proved to be hardly enough. The stone caused the water to rise nearly to the top of the bucket, and it was thrown into such violent ebullition that a great deal of it boiled over and escaped weighing. The stone was an exceedingly bad conductor of heat, for it continued to boil the water for about twelve minutes, when, the ebullition being nearly over, it was removed to the ship and the amount of evaporated water measured.

Meanwhile, others, as I have said, began to walk over the stones without any reference to the ceremony prescribed by Papa-Ita, and three or four persons, whom I personally knew on board the ship, did so in shoes, the soles of which were not burned at all. One of the gentlemen, however, who crossed over with unburned shoes, showed me that the ends of his trousers had been burnt by the flames which leaped up between the stones, and which at all times added so much to the impressiveness of the spectacle; and there was no doubt that anyone who stumbled or got a foot caught between the hot stones might have been badly burned. United States Deputy Consul Ducorran, who was present, remarked to me that he knew that Papa-Ita had failed on a neighboring island, with stones of a marble-like quality, and he offered to test the heat of these basaltic ones by seeing how long he could re-

main on the hottest part of the pile, and he stood there in my sight, from eight to ten seconds before he felt the heat through the thin soles of his shoes beginning to be unpleasantly warm.

How hot were those trodden on? and the answer to this I was to try to obtain after measuring the amount of water boiled away.

On returning to the ship, this was estimated from the water which was left in the bucket (after allowing for that spilled over) at about 10 pounds. The stone, which it will be remembered was one of the hottest, if not the hottest, in the pile, was found to weigh 65 pounds, and to have evaporated this quantity of water. It was, as I have said, a volcanic stone, and on minuter examination, proved to be a vesicular basalt, the most distinctive feature of which was its porosity and non-conductibility, for it was subsequently found that it could have been heated red-hot at one end, while remaining comparatively cool at the top. I brought a piece of it to Washington with me and there determined its specific gravity to be 2.39, its specific heat 0.19, and its conductivity to be so extremely small that one end of a small fragment could be held in the hand while the other was heated indefinitely in the flame of a blowpipe, almost like a stick of sealing wax. This partly defeated the aim of the experiment (to find the temperature of the upper part of the stone), since only the mean temperature was found. This mean temperature of the hottest stone of the upper layer, as deduced from the above data, was about 1,200 degrees F., but the temperature of the surface must have been indefinitely lower. The temperature at which such a stone begins to show a dull red in daylight is, so far as I am aware, not exactly determined, but is approximately 1,300 to 1,400 degrees F.

It was a sight well worth seeing. It was a most clever and interesting piece of savage magic, but from the evidence I have just given, I am obliged to say (almost regretfully) that it was not a miracle.

Dr. Parkyn left Chicago for Mexico on March 17th, with a party of twenty readers of SUGGESTION. The party is traveling in the private car "Selisia," which takes them all the way to the siding at Motzorongo. Dr. Parkyn writes us from Eagle Pass that everyone is having a good time, and that the Southern Pacific Railway took this car with a special engine from San Antonio to Spofford in order to overtake the train for Mexico, with which the party missed connection by three hours at San Antonio. The excursion arrived in Mexico City Sunday, March 22nd, and reached the plantation Monday, March 23rd. Eleven states are represented in the party. M. F.

The Unconquerable Soul.

Out of the night that shelters me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

The great p'int about gittin' on in this life is bein' able to cope with your head winds. Any fool can run before a fair breeze, but, I tell ye, a good seaman is the one that gets the best o' his disadvantages.—*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

Experiences

THIS column is devoted solely to contributions from readers of SUGGESTION who desire to assist in the investigation of psychic phenomena by reporting interesting facts from their own experiences, or any phenomena they have witnessed.

We give this opportunity to our readers in order to stimulate increased interest in the study of the occult, and to obtain all possible reliable data on the subject. It is only by intelligent, painstaking observation of particular instances, and their accurate reporting, that satisfactory evidence can be accumulated. True scientific inquiry takes nothing for granted, and has no preferences; but seeks only to discover the truth, no matter what that may be.

Hence the work of our SUGGESTION readers in the field of psychic research will depend for its value not only upon the enthusiasm of the investigators—and this, we are glad to say, is most gratifying—but upon their careful, unbiased weighing of all evidence which they consider. Then do not investigate in order to establish some pre-conceived idea of your own. Conduct every experiment with rigid impartiality. Divest yourself of all prejudice, and be anxious only to find out facts, and to report such facts with absolute correctness. We expect much of interest to be developed, and invite the fullest exchange of opinion from our readers. As this is distinctively a column for contributions from readers, no comments from the editor will find their way into it. Moreover, the editor desires it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for the views of any contributor to this column. The experiences are published for what they may be worth, but the absence of editorial comment must not be taken as an indication that any contribution or discussion accords in the slightest with the editor's own opinion.

The Seance Suddenly Stopped.

EDITOR SUGGESTION:

'Twas not "The Light That Failed," but the spirits, at the Elkhart (Ind.) seance, on the evening of Thursday, January 15. I send you according to promise, account of investigation and exposure of the methods of Medium Albert Finney, of Grand Rapids, Mich. I positively assert that this report is in all essential points a faithful and accurate statement of facts observed by witnesses of unquestionable honesty.

The seance was held at the residence of A. D. Jacoby, on Pratt street, and began at 8 o'clock. The two dozen persons present were seated in the back parlor, and so arranged as to form a complete circle. In the center of the room sat the medium and Mr. Ed. Campbell, Jr., the medium holding Mr. Campbell's hands in his own —it being a custom at seances for the medium to select some one to sit with him as a guarantee that he, the medium, remains quiet and uses no physical means to produce phenomena. Near Mr. Finney and Mr. Campbell was a table upon which lay two tin trumpets about four feet long, and a guitar.

The sitters clasped hands in the usual way, the light was turned out, and the spirits drew near. At any rate, the guitar was heard to play and the trumpets found voice. Those in the circle felt a ghostly touch on head or cheek, and one, Mr. Frank Stierheim, having inadvertently stretched his leg toward the middle of the room, felt the weight of some one else's foot upon his own—a weight so heavy that Mr. Stierheim avers it must have been that of a very substantial "spirit," indeed. A number of "spirit voices" spoke through the trumpets, in conversation with various persons in the circle.

Finally the table began to move; there was a sound as of the trumpets rattling together, and a "spirit" voice said, "Hold the guitar." At this point in the proceedings, Norman A. Lees and myself, at a preconcerted signal, suddenly turned the bright light of two electric hand lamps directly upon the medium. Notwithstanding the quickness with which Mr. Finney let go of his paraphernalia and assumed a position of repose, the fact was disclosed that when the light was turned on he was holding Campbell's

hands with his (Finney's) left hand only, and was manipulating the trumpets and guitar with his right.

Mr. Lees, during years of newspaper work, has attended many seances and has assisted in exposing a number of fraudulent mediums. He is therefore a trained and keen observer, and his statement is for that reason of especial value. He testifies positively that at the instant the light was turned on, the medium had only one hand—his left—on Mr. Campbell's two hands; with his right he held the guitar and a trumpet, and was sitting in such a position that by bending his head he could speak or blow through the trumpet; and that when the light flashed over the medium he quickly dropped the instruments, the guitar falling to his right side and the trumpet to his left. My own attention was given first to my lamp, but I looked at Finney in time to see him change position, and make a quick motion with his arm. My wife, however, plainly saw the medium's hand holding the trumpet. Mr. Stierheim states: "I was looking directly toward the medium when the light was sprung. I distinctly saw him drop a trumpet, which he held in his right hand. Then he got back into position quick as a flash. He was directly in range of the light and I could see plainly." Mr. Stierheim says, also, that as he sat with his chair against the door, he was frequently annoyed by the door moving back and forth and striking the back of his chair. He remarked several times about it, but was requested by the hostess, Mrs. Jacoby, to remain quietly seated and not break the conditions.

Mr. Campbell, who sat in the center of the circle with the medium, says: "Just after the light was turned out, Mr. Finney took hold of both my hands, but soon released them and passing both hands down the sides of my arms, he said, 'My, but you are full of magnetism.' Then his left hand came down and pressed hard on my two hands in such a manner as to try to make me think that both his hands were there. But it was an unsuccessful attempt, for I knew all the time he was touching my hands with only one of his. When the table began to move, he said, 'Hello, we are going to have some physical demonstration.' I could feel plenty of physical demonstration, for he did considerable moving around. I sat quietly, however, both during the seance and at its close, and allowed Finney to believe he was duping me completely. I did this because I was there to find out all I could. I listened closely while the spirit voices were speaking, and detected the fact that the medium was doing the talking in the trumpet, for I could hear sounds he was making in his throat. I unhesitatingly pronounce the performance a fraud."

Another of the sitters familiar with the work of mediums is Mr. Will Hazelton. He says that considering the small space and lack of appliances, Medium Finney's work shows much cleverness and ingenuity. "But I have seen those things better done," said Mr. Hazelton. "As for guitars being made to float in the air, I have seen men who do not claim any supernatural assistance do that, and in broad daylight."

Mr. Finney showed the usual quickness of mediums in catching the cues unwittingly given by sitters. For instance:

"That's Uncle Neal!"

"Yes, yes," echoes the trumpet, "I am Uncle Neal."

"He was killed at Nappanee"—to the

person next, but loud enough to be heard across the room. "He was killed in an explosion. Do you know how you were killed, Uncle Neal?"

"Oh, it was so sudden," etc., the answer comes, to suit. And when my wife and I asked for imaginary relatives and friends, the trumpet responded with the same accommodating readiness. We could get any fictitious, made-up-on-the-instant person we asked for.

As has been said, the medium instantly resumed a position of repose when the lights were sprung. He then sat quite still for a minute or more, when he asked for the lights to be turned off. His request was granted, and then ensued a lively discussion, as different ones told what they had seen. Presently a lamp was brought and the guests departed, nearly all of them paying the fifty cents asked.

The spiritualists present were very indignant, but they should certainly be as willing as others to have fraud exposed. Those who turned the lights upon the medium did so with a desire to find out the facts, and that action was in their judgment, the only direct means of getting those facts. Had no fraud been discovered, it would certainly have been as strong evidence as any spiritualist could desire of the genuineness of the phenomena.

As a result of the exposure the medium decided to leave Elkhart and try his talent elsewhere.

Very truly yours,

B. J. ARISMAN,
Elkhart, Ind.

EDITOR SUGGESTION:

I am a reader of SUGGESTION and thinking that this little incident might be worth something to your magazine, I submit it as an instance of telepathy.

On the evening of October 13, 1902, I was sitting at the table writing a few letters in short hand that my wife was dictating to me, and my son, four years old, as any child of his age might have done, played about under the table.

While playing he fell, face down, on the floor, striking his nose and mouth. The injury produced severe, acute pain, but as he was under the table, it was impossible for me to see where he was injured. But simultaneously with the thump on the floor, I felt a dull, aching pain in my nose and mouth, as if my own face had struck the floor. I tried to account for the pain in my nose and mouth, but could not. I have given quite a little thought to the subject and I believe that this is an instance of the transmitting of pain from one mind to another. I have taken Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn's course in Suggestive Therapeutics and think it is one of the best.

H. F. CLAWSON.

. . . We must be here to work;
And men who work can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and so work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first.

—*Mrs. Browning*

To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom.—*Emerson.*

Sincerity is the way to heaven.

—*Confucius.*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor in Mexico.

En Route to Chicago on Iron Mountain Railway, March 10th, 1903.

To all Members of the Suggestion *Family, Greeting:*

Here I am, hurrying on my way to Chicago as fast as the fine train of the Iron Mountain Route can carry me, in order to prepare the April Suggestion for the printer and to attend the directors' meeting of the Motzorongo Co. on March 16th, the day before the excursion leaves Chicago for Motzorongo.

My visit of inspection to Motzorongo lasted exactly four weeks, exclusive of the time spent in traveling. Four weeks in dreamland—part of the time in Paradise. For that tropical region is as beautiful as a dream; moreover, a part of the Josephinas property is called Paradise by its Indian inhabitants, and well does it deserve the name. For if there is a spot on this earth that should be called Paradise, it is to be found on the Josephinas property of 40,000 acres belonging to the Motzorongo Co.

The trip to Josephinas was reserved for the end of my visit. With our plantation manager and my father I had ridden on horseback all through Motzorongo, Presidio and Ojos de Agua—all fine properties; but the trip that stands out most prominently in my mind is the four days' visit to Josephinas.

Mr. William Straube, our former manager, after operating Motzorongo for six months, purchased thirteen thousand acres adjoining Motzorongo and resigned his position as our plantation manager early in December, still retaining his Motzorongo stock, however.

Mr. William Paul, of Chicago, at great personal sacrifice, accepted the position, and the fruit of his energy and executive ability is to be seen on every hand. Mr. Straube did excellent work for the company while acting as its plantation manager, and the fact that after spending six months in developing Motzorongo, he should retain his stock in Motzorongo and purchase 13,000 acres for himself just across our line, is most significant. This one fact, alone, is as conclusive evidence of the strength and general desirability of the Motzorongo enterprise as could be wished.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, Mr. Paul, Mr. Pilgrams (our interpreter), Julio Serma (our Mexican foreman), and your humble servant, took the train at Motzorongo and rode to Acetlau—10 miles distant—where we found our horses and two Mexican attendants, Rafael Gooseman and Manuel Lema, waiting for us.

After a westward ride of four miles on horseback through two small plantations, we came to the crest of a hill. Here our guide, Julio, who has lived on Motzorongo since General Pacheco's time, pointed out ahead of us the eastern boundary of Josephinas, on a line from the top of a mountain north of us to the top of another mountain, to the south; this line also marking the boundary between the states of Vera Cruz and Oxaca. From the hill we could see a great valley beneath us, apparently of rolling ground, bounded on all sides by high mountains. This valley, I was told, was Josephinas; and I said "But where are our 40,000 acres? Our land must extend beyond those mountains." "Oh, no!" said Mr. Paul. "Do you see that high mountain over there? Well, that is our objective point. There

is an Indian village on the River Rio Tonto at the base of that mountain and the chiefs of the five villages on Josephinas have been notified to meet us there today in order to arrange their rent and labor contracts for the ensuing year. You may think it a short ride to that mountain, but you will probably change your opinion before we get there, although we shall go in a direct line."

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when we crossed the boundary and entered Josephinas. After riding about half a mile we crossed the Cotzalopa river, which marks our eastern boundary for a long distance, but makes a deep bend into our property at the spot where we crossed. It is a swift-flowing stream, about one hundred feet wide, and can be forded by horses at this season of the year. Its water is as clear as crystal and several Indian women were washing clothes at the ford.

We rode for two hours along fine roads with dense jungles on either side, the branches of tall shade trees meeting over our heads, and finally arrived at the Josephinas administration house, an excellent one-story pine building 120 feet long with stone foundation. Here we tied our horses while I obtained a photograph of the building and Mr. Paul and I inspected the small aguardiente plant located at this place. We found the machinery and boiler in good condition; and this little mill, when running again with a manager at Josephinas will handle twenty-five tons of sugar cane a day, turning out twenty-five barrels of commercial alcohol, which, when sold at the current price of $14 per barrel (Mexican) will go a long way towards paying the expenses of developing Josephinas.

On this part of the property we found three very large pastures, all enclosed by barb wire fencing. These pastures were cleared a few years ago, but since General Pacheco's death have been allowed to grow rank. This second growth, however, can be very easily removed, and the pastures are large enough to accommodate several thousand head of cattle.

Continuing our journey, we passed through heavy forests of valuable timber and avenues of royal palms. One of the larger trees, a splendid specimen fully eight feet in diameter, obligingly stood while I brought out the every-ready and indispensable camera and "took" its picture.

The afternoon was very warm and occasionally we dismounted to pick a delicious lemon or orange, or to inspect the rubber trees, which grow in profusion all over Josephinas. I cut through the bark of one of these trees with my pen-knife, and collecting some of the milk in the palm of one hand, stirred it with the fingers of my other hand and in a few moments had a small specimen of crude rubber.

We rode till sundown, but still the Indian village did not materialize. Then the moon made its appearance directly overhead and lit our path here and there in patches where the light was able to penetrate the dense overhead foliage. Sometimes we rode for half a mile without seeing these moonlit spots, and then the darkness was intense and we had to depend entirely upon our sure-footed ponies to keep the road.

About nine o'clock we reached a part of the road which our Julio informed us was called Paradise, and for three-fourths of a mile we rode through an avenue of magnificent royal palms. The moon shone down through the palm leaves and through

the space directly over our heads—as the leaves did not meet overhead as in the dense forest with larger trees. I shall never forget that ride through Paradise. As we rode along single file under the clear sky, with the moon and stars like so many pieces of bright silver peeping at us through the palms, not a word was spoken by anyone. The wierdness of our surroundings and the beauty of the overhead scene seemed to command silence.

Paradise passed, we rode on, and fifteen minutes later we were startled by the barking of a dog. Our guide informed us that we were about to pass one of the smaller Indian settlements. Ten minutes later we rode up to the village, and after a few words with some of the inhabitants, continued our journey. Three-quarters of an hour later—10:30 p. m.—after eight hours almost continuous riding, we arrived at our objective point—Capulapa.

We were welcomed by the chief, who informed us that they had been looking for our arrival all afternoon.

In the center of the village a bonfire had been lighted and as soon as our arrival was announced a number of young Indians threw dried wood on the fire and immediately the whole central space was well lighted. As far as the light from the fire illuminated the scene we could see the native huts here and there among the trees, and tall forms in white leaving the huts and joining the group around the fire.

We were escorted to the village administration building, where we were to sleep; and after removing our leggings and shaking the stiffness out of our legs we returned to the bonfire and held a reception, which consisted of shaking the hands of all the males in the settlement. The women we could see only in the distance under the trees, grouped together, some sitting, others kneeling, and others standing behind these again, all dressed in white as if they were arranged for a "class photo."

We found there was dissatisfaction among the natives, as they had heard that their new landlords contemplated doubling their rents and imposing severe conditions upon them. However, a great change came over them when they were told they had been misinformed and that we had come to renew their contracts on the old basis. Their reserve disappeared in a flash when this information was conveyed to them through their native interpreter—for they speak the Aztec tongue, only a few of them speaking Spanish. They warmed toward us most agreeably and acted like so many pleased children.

Shortly we were informed that supper was ready for us in the administration building; and there we found a supper that in our tired, famished condition, tasted fit for the gods, in spite of the fact that everything had been cooked in earthenware vessels, and the only modern utensils on the table were two enormous glass tumblers and one silver plated spoon—all the village could muster—knives and forks being unknown to the inhabitants of Josephinas.

The natives crowded close around the table while we ate, and watched the clumsy way in which we used their native flat corn bread, called "tortillas," as spoons, forks and knives.

After supper I performed a number of sleight of hand tricks for them, bringing silver dollars, cigars, cigarettes, matches, etc., out of their clothes; passing money, eggs, and handkerchiefs through the table, turning eggs into money, money into handkerchiefs, and handkerchiefs into eggs, etc., winding up the performance by bring-

ing a dozen eggs one at a time out of Mr. Paul's mouth.

I cannot tell you the pleasure I experienced in amusing these poor, copper-colored children of nature. It was the first entertainment of the kind—or for that matter of any kind—they had ever witnessed. When bedtime came it was with difficulty they were "driven off" so the doors of the palm-thatched house could be closed.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes next morning was three pairs of native eyes looking at me through a crack in the bamboo walls, wondering when the entertainment was to begin again.

I arrived at Motzorongo proper without a surgical instrument of any kind, without a clinical thermometer, and excepting a small bottle of listerine, without a drug of any nature. But I can tell you that bottle of listerine stood me in good stead, for there were a number of sick natives on Motzorongo and my father had told them a physician was coming. Accordingly I had an office full of patients every morning, and I was uniformly successful in relieving every patient, although I had nothing but listerine, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, table salt and sugar. I used a little listerine in every bottle of medicine I put up, and varied the flavoring with the other table necessities; for the natives would exchange tastes of the medicines given them and I was afraid if all the medicines I prescribed tasted alike it would not have the desired effect in overcoming so great a variety of ailments. But the medicines, coupled with some instructions about the life essentials, did their work, and I relieved everything from fever and chills to rheumatism and whooping cough.

I had cured two members of the family of Julio, our guide, consequently it was not long after we reached the Indian village until my fame had gone abroad and as soon as I was dressed and out of the hut the first morning, the maimed, halt, blind and sick were brought to me. One man who had lost his hand at the wrist several years ago, held up his arm to me and the guide told me he wanted me to grow on a new hand, firmly believing, from what he had seen me do the night before, that this would be an easy matter. Unfortunately I had left the listerine behind, so I merely gave a number of them directions to be carried out in the way of eating, drinking, breathing, making poultices, etc., and told them that when I returned with the excursionists from Chicago, I would bring all the medicines they required.

After breakfast the chiefs from other villages arrived and contracts were made with all for the ensuing year. They pay $6.00 per head per male for one "quartia" of land each, and agree to give two days' free labor a year to keep the roads in good condition, and when we have work for them, to give the company eight hundred days' work per week for the usual fee paid laborers—less than twenty-five cents a day in American money—sixty-two cents in Mexican currency.

After the agreements had been made to the satisfaction of everyone and the patients attended to, we were escorted to the magnificent Rio Tonto river, which passes within seventy-five yards of the village, to see the natives fish.

The Rio Tonto is a very swift flowing stream, so swift that it is impossible to swim against it; and during the wet season it is navigable to the ocean. The dry season was on during our visit and rapids could be seen every three or four hundred

yards up the river. The scenery along the banks is beautiful and with my panorama camera I obtained a view of one bank of the stream with hundreds of natives in white scattered in single file along its banks for half a mile.

At the water's edge were moored a number of large canoes cut out of solid logs, the largest ones capable of holding thirty natives; and in one of these canoes we were ferried across to the shady bank of the stream to watch the Indian sport.

In a few minutes half a dozen canoes filled with naked Indians left the opposite bank and were paddled to midstream. Then several natives who had run up the river to the first rapids, exploded dynamite in the rapids in half a dozen places and the stripped men in the canoes stood waiting for the stunned fish to float down the stream.

I always thought a dead or stunned fish floated, but these came down the stream near the bottom of the river. Suddenly a native in one of the canoes spies his prey, and like a flash he dives, reappearing in a moment with a fish in each hand. Dropping the fish into the canoe, he climbs up again to be ready for another dive. Meanwhile several others have dived after their prey and one Indian comes to the surface of the water with a fish in each hand and one between his teeth. So the sport keeps up till all the fish are captured, not so much as a small minnow escaping the vigilant eyes of the natives in the half dozen canoes stationed along the stream.

The fishing over, Mr. Paul and I went in for a swim, much to the delight of our native audience of several hundred, and never before was every article of apparel worn by a white man so eagerly scrutinized. Out of every shoe, collar, stocking, etc., I picked up, I took a silver dollar; and Mr. Paul was unkind enough to take a snapshot of me while I was dressing, with a background for his picture of at least two hundred natives in white.

Next came dinner, then a rest, and about three o'clock in the afternoon we took our departure, going to visit another village, at the north end of the Josephinas property. We said good-by to the chiefs, shook hands all around and mounted our horses. At least a score of the young "bucks" ran on foot beside us, keeping pace with our horses till we reached a slight hill about half a mile from the village. Here they cheered a good-by to us.

The average native Mexican is a very small, dirty, lazy specimen, but these Josephinas Indians have some of the best blood to be found in Mexico. Strong, clean, athletic, intelligent, and industrious, they have their own chiefs, judges, gaols, etc., and are a law-abiding, docile crowd.

I shall always look back with pleasure to my visit to Capulapa, and those of you who join the excursion on March 17th for Motzorongo will have the pleasure of watching me dispense medicines for their sick and suffering, for I shall certainly keep my promise to them.

These people are highly suggestible, but a suggestion loses its flavor and potency when given through an interpreter; besides the strongest suggestion that can be given to one of these sick Indians is a very strong dose of medicine—they have always had it and anything weaker would seem impotent to them.

We slept that night at another Indian village after six hours' steady riding. Our welcome was the same wherever we went, and the natives the same clean, industrious lot. It was not without regret, therefore, that we rode out of Josephinas

the following day, returning to Motzorongo through twelve miles of plantations, including Laguna Chica, La Union, and La Luisa. I spent several hours inspecting La Luisa and repeat my offer of last month to make a private report on La Luisa to any reader who may be interested in it.

In crossing Josephinas from east to west between the Cosalapa and Rio Tonto rivers, we crossed nine or ten smaller streams, and on our journey to the northern boundary we crossed at least six streams. This shows how thoroughly Josephinas is watered and how well it is drained. The other Motzorongo properties are fine, but Josephinas is my pick of all of them, and I find it is known all over Mexico as one of the best, if not the very best, tract of land in the republic. General Pacheco named it in honor of his wife. The soil is very rich and almost every foot of it can be cultivated. Cattle will thrive upon it, and we found every tropical fruit and grain being raised there, including tobacco and rice.

This piece of property is undoubtedly the most valuable of the Motzorongo assets, for if placed on the market today it would bring from $20 to $25 per acre if divided into small plantations. But the object of the company is to keep this land intact, cultivating some parts of it and making huge pastures of some of the remainder.

At the present rate of advance in the price of good Mexican farming lands, Josephinas will be worth at least $100 per acre in a few years. Then the labor problem in Josephinas is solved, for there are over 2,000 men, women and children living on the plantation, and, as I said before, they have contracted to do eight hundred days' work a week for the company, and when we start vigorous development work and the natives receive regular pay, this can probably be raised to 1,600 or even 2,400 days' work each week if required. There are over ten thousand acres of cleared land on Josephinas.

Lack of space prevents me from continuing to enlarge on the possibilities and beauties of this property, but you may guess how I feel about it when I say that if it were necessary for me to give up my present location in Chicago, I would ask nothing better than to spend the rest of my days on Josephinas, the beautiful—Paradise. But since I cannot live there I am glad to know that I own at least a part of it and I advise every reader to endeavor to own a part of it also. One has only to take a glance at the wealth of its soil to see the gold cropping out of it everywhere.

Yours cordially,

HERBERT A. PARKYN.

P. S.—While writing this letter on the train I told my experience with the listerine to a number of gentlemen sitting in the drawing room. Suddenly one of them began to laugh. "Well," he said, "this is a curious coincidence, for I have been traveling in Mexico for the last six weeks introducing listerine to the doctors and dentists of Mexico. I represent the Lambert Chemical Co., of St. Louis."

Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying,
See that never thread be wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

—*Exchange.*

Queries and Answers.

PLEASE NOTE.

The editor will endeavor to answer all queries as satisfactorily and fully as possible. However, as the majority of the readers of SUGGESTION are in possession of his mail course on Suggestive Therapeutics and Hypnotism, frequent reference will probably be made to certain pages of the course in the event that a detailed answer to the query may be found there. All queries will be condensed as much as possible, so that there may be sufficient room each issue for the numerous interesting inquiries already pouring into this department. The editor does not wish to monopolize this whole department and would be pleased to hear from any reader who can furnish further and better information. It is desirable that those who seek information report the results, whether good or bad. When writing anything concerning a query please give the number attached to it.

Post Hypnotic Suggestion.

EDITOR SUGGESTION:

If your views on hypnotism are correct, what becomes of the phenomena of post-hypnotic suggestion? A. J. C.

Fla.

In case some of the readers of SUGGESTION are not familiar with the term "post-hypnotic suggestion," I will quote a paragraph from Lesson XXXIX of my mail course in Suggestive Therapeutics and Hypnotism.

POST HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

A post hypnotic suggestion is a suggestion given to a subject in the "hypnotic sleep" which he is supposed to carry out after being told to arouse. We have active and passive post hypnotic suggestions. A suggestion which is being carried out when the patient arouses is known as a passive post hypnotic suggestion; whereas a suggestion which is not acted upon for some time after the subject is aroused is known as an active post hypnotic suggestion. For instance, a subject is told that on arousing he will feel his leg stiff, and his tooth aching. When he arouses he says his leg is stiff, and feigns surprise at the condition; at the same time he lays his hand on his face and declares his tooth is aching. This is an example of a passive post hypnotic suggestion. Tell a subject that you are about to awaken him; that he will arouse wide-awake and will feel perfectly well for ten minutes; that when the ten minutes have expired he will experience a toothache and his leg will become stiff, and you have an example of active post hypnotic suggestion. Of course, the student will understand that this is merely an engagement which the subject is willing to keep, but to an audience, ignorant of the true state of affairs, it appears truly wonderful and mysterious. Many of the best stage experiments depend on active post hypnotic suggestion, examples of which will be given later.

Yes, a post-hypnotic suggestion, if carried out, is merely an engagement between the operator and subject and does not differ in any way from an appointment made with a patient to come for treatment at a certain time. The patient gives a verbal promise to keep the engagement, and the subject, having already committed himself through previous acquiescences in the operator's suggestions, gives silent assent. Both will endeavor to keep the engagements, but I have known many instances in which both have failed to keep their engagements.

I know the question will then arise, "But are not patients benefited by post-hypnotic suggestion?" (How I dislike that misnomer "hypnotic!") Yes, patients are benefited by the suggestions made them while in the suggestive condition, if the suggestions refer to the healthy conditions for which your services

were sought. The patient is anxious for health, or he would not have sought your services, and if your suggestions are logical, helpful, encouraging and wholesome, you will have his co-operation; your suggestions will become his auto-suggestions and benefit will follow.

The patients who will carry out absurd suggestions are known as hypnotic-somnambules. They are the class of subjects sought by stage hypnotists. Although they will acquiesce in all the absurd suggestions of the operator and appear to an audience to be under a marvelous influence, still the therapeutic results achieved with them, in spite of their high degree of suggestibility, are not so uniformly satisfactory as the results obtained with patients that are less suggestible—granted that both classes suffer from genuine troubles. The non-suggestible patient seldom suffers from imaginary troubles; whereas the hypnotic somnambule, on account of his high degree of suggestibility, is likely to "take on" imaginary troubles of all kinds. On this account the miraculous cures generally occur in subjects that appear to be "deeply" hypnotised, and for this reason the average hypnotist believes it is necessary to get his subject "sound asleep" in order to secure the best results. The hypnotist does not seem to realize that if his patient will say he is asleep, and carries out absurd suggestions, that in just the same way he will say he is entirely relieved of any trouble after the first treatment, *if the operator told him he would arouse declaring he was entirely cured.* I have seen a one-legged hypnotic somnambule declare, at the operator's suggestion, that his other leg had been restored to him.

Now I feel certain anyone can understand the absurdity of claiming that a leg was grown on this subject, simply because he acquiesced in the suggestion of the operator. Equally absurd are the instantaneous "cures" of genuine troubles in the hypnotic somnambules. But outside of the relief of imaginary troubles, these instantaneous cures are the kind made on the stage by hypnotists and traveling healers, on the street corners by patent medicine fakers and in church by revivalists.

When a genuine physical trouble is encountered in a patient—hypnotic somnambule or not—time is required for the affected parts to undergo the necessary changes. Properly directed suggestions will have their effect in controlling the patient's thoughts and through them controlling his habits of eating, drinking, breathing and thinking, and intelligently stimulating the functions of the vital organs of the body. Such treatment is but paving the way for the work of Dame Nature, who is never in a hurry, and who invariably does her work faithfully when she has been properly encouraged through obedience to her inexorable laws.—Ed.]

Editor Suggestion:

Would self-hypnotism be of any benefit in treating disease, abolishing fear, etc., in one's self? And are there any harmful effects from it? E. C. K.

Ind.

Why not use the term auto-suggestion instead of self-hypnotism? The latter term is so misleading.

Yes, indeed, you can benefit yourself by using auto-suggestion. If you have been harboring weak thoughts or fear thoughts, read the answer to the query about voluntary and involuntary auto-suggestion in last month's issue, and then refer to the October, 1902, issue of Suggestion and read the case of Mr. L. in

my clinical report. These will teach you how to employ auto-suggestion and what to suggest to yourself in order to become brave and fearless.

For the suggestions to give to yourself for overcoming common physical troubles, I advise you to read almost any clinical report I have written touching on physical troubles, or Lesson XI of my special mail course in Suggestive Therapeutics and Hypnotism. Apply the suggestions and instructions faithfully to yourself and you will obtain results.

It is one thing to know how to employ auto-suggestion, but another thing to employ it. So few persons have the patience and application to follow out the self-treatment faithfully for a few weeks, and it is owing to this fact that personal treatment proves more effective. It is easier to study under a teacher than to study alone and it is easier to think the proper auto-suggestions when they are being constantly stimulated by the suggestions of an operator interested in your case.—Ed.]

EDITOR SUGGESTION:

Kindly give a word of advice regarding the treatment for acne. J. C. B.

[In this connection will be given a paragraph from *The Medical Examiner and Practitioner*:

"George Henry Fox says that massage or pinching of the skin for a minute or two at a time will often give to a dry, harsh cheek a soft, smooth, and oily feeling. In a case of acne it quickens the cutaneous circulation, and hastens the absorption of nodules; it destroys all pustula lesions, whether superficial or deep seated; it tends to empty distended glands and obstructed sebaceous ducts, and gives life and tone to a skin whose inactivity is the prime cause of the disease in question. Many lengthy chapters and journal articles have been written on the therapeutics of acne. If the author were asked to give the practical treatment of the disease in the fewest possible words, he would simply recommend cold bathing, strict diet, systematic exercise, and the frequent use of the curette."

It would be difficult to add more on the question.

Acne is the result of improper living, the system being in a reduced state, and all physiological processes weakened. Tone up the system; bathe the face frequently with hot water and castile soap. The skin must be scrupulously clean before any change can be noted.]

EDITOR SUGGESTION:

Please explain how the delusion of the floating woman is explained. Many believe she is hypnotized and made to float by an effort of the will of the operator.

HARRY T. KNOX.

[Such delusions are generally caused by an arrangement of mirrors and reflectors set at the proper angles. The same explanation will answer the question of A. B. Copley, from Leicester, England, who asks regarding a stage performance where a man disappears. A book of scientific experiments by Pepper, published in London, explains how such tricks are performed; also how ghosts are made to appear on the stage. By means of large pieces of plate glass, mirrors, and reflectors some very startling delusions are possible.]

"The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms that can outlive all flesh."

SMILES

Sometimes hard to smile, did you say? Oh, no, not when you're in good practice. When things go higgledy-piggledy, and all this world's a wilderness of woe, that's just the time when we need most the genial, reassuring, heartening influence of our own smile. Mark you, I say our *own* smile—for as much as we need the other fellow's smile, sometimes he's too busy, you know, to give it. He means all right, but he has other things to do, and he's apt to neglect us. And instead of sitting down and waiting for some other body to chase away our tears, let's just fetch forth a brandnew, allwool, yardwide smile, and feel the grim and ghostly shadows that have held us loose their grip—and lightness and brightness and sweetness come in and fill our souls. Relax that orbicular muscle, oh ye of little fun, and you'll get back the cheer and the self-control, the poise of body and mind you lost when that last annoyance or disappointment came, and you thought all sorts of dark brown thoughts. You're only losing time, you know. Get back your smile first thing, and then you're ready to reach for whatever else you need. In fact, there's such attractive power in a smile that it simply draws things to you. So smile! All of you—every blessed one of the Suggestion Family here assembled! All on the front seats, everybody back in the corners—there, you man with the vinegar face, quit trying to hide your acid lineaments behind that little woman's bonnet! Smile, man! That's right—why he's just beaming most delightfully now—don't all of you turn and look at him, but 'tis a transformation, sure, and isn't he handsome when he laughs? Now there's the proper genial atmosphere that always loosens up my tongue.

You remember I confided in you last month something of an editor's trials. You all smiled most unmercifully, but as you seemed to enjoy it, I'll go on with the story—I'm willing to suffer for your amusement. I was telling you, you remember, something of the letter-heads that are shied at me occasionally, and submitted an example.

Here's another and quite different specimen of headline we captured from the mail bag recently. Prof. Dazzleum modestly announces that he is "The World's Greatest Hypnotist," and that he makes a specialty of The Seven Days' Trance—simply this, like Poe's raven—simply this, and nothing more. The effect is heightened by the coloring of the paper and ink, which is as a tropic sunset or a bed of nasturtiums in full bloom. 'Tis a work of genius, this letter-head, and was evidently thrown off at a single stroke.

From what this next man says about the mail course and SUGGESTION, it's plain he is a judge of good things. He is a member in good and paid-up standing of the SUGGESTION family, and here I've got to own up there's something I don't know. Why didn't he ask something easy?

Editor Suggestion:—

I notice an inquiry in SUGGESTION of Sept. 1900 from John B. Pilkington M. D.

of Baker City, Ore., concerning whether or not clairvoyants could be Relied upon for finding hidden Treasure in the ground and as I have some information from several parties in Different countys in regard to hidden treasure (in ground) I write you to find out if you *Know* of any way of curectly locating same: either through Clairvoyance, telepathy or any thing else and can you put me in correspondence with any one that you think would be of any assistance in regard to correctly locating treasure in the ground.

Please let me hear from you by return mail.

I subscribed for your mail course in suggestive therapeutics and hypnotism a few months ago and can say that it is something every Dr. should have as he would be in a position to cope with all maner of ailments and would have better success in his practice.

I am also taking SUGGESTION the best magazine of the kind I ever read.

Hoping you will give me the best information you can on the subject above and promising that you will be well rewarded for your trouble if we are successful, I will close.

Dr. H. B. S.

Mont.

Only underground treasure ever I found was a field of Early Rose potatoes once when I was a boy—oh, yes, and fishworms for bait. I've often tried it, but somehow or other, 'twouldn't work. You try it, and if you make a good find, do please let me know.

Here's a man, though, who besides being an authority on the blindfold drive, can see into the Bowls of the Earth. He's dreadfully hard on us, but we'll let him speak for himself:

To SUGGESTION in ansur to Mr. J. M. Clark yoakum Tex as you desierd the trouth consurning the Blind fold drive. I like you are not saterfyed with edior version and meney others will be down with same deses We all know that science is progressing, we should seak trough, get some good operator to put you in to the 5 stade in hypmort and you can see how the drive was done have the operator to call your attention to the drive, look out ever detail and have the operator to tell you that you will remember it all When you awake ower leaders those that teaches are life ower preachers, if they know the trough they will not tell it. now we all know that we war created in the likness and image of God, seeing and knowing as Gods, heare yea him, and he spoke of the 10 virgins, waiting and tarried, & when he came 5 was fulish had no oil, what is the oil knowlig. Just what our Mr. Clark wants, now you can not get it from Mr. Parkyn. why, Becaus he has not got it, & if he did, & would tell you & would tell you it would be hear say, he can not sell it, it is spirit gift. I am doing a work that no one els is doing (that I know of)

I Hypnotise and cary my sub eney & ever whare even spase with the spirites and Talk with subject while in spase & have them subject bring Back spirit to Earth & Show mineral leades and loades, a good sub can see into the Bowls of the earth as they can see through man or Beast, & I have them read other Langurge and then in turfet it in englash. I think that the day is fost coming when, this Hudo Hypnotism will stat, then the trouth will come & one half of the world gits this oil (knowlige) then Mr. Ed what will be the first thing don & 2, & 3, & 4, & 5, and so on I want to see how about your oil (knowlige) this is all the Bible. pleas print this and if eney one desiers to know further send me astamped Envelope with questions asked I dont want disturbans but truth

yours truley

K. E. R.

Mr. Parkyn will you pleas bub this as it is the first writen your Ealib Magizen.

Ark.

It's noticeable that in this column sometimes I'm we and sometimes we're I, but after so many smiles its hard to know which I are—I mean which we am—there, that's right.

Everybody come back next month ready to smile some more. M. F.

I need not good fortune; I myself am good fortune.—*Walt Whitman.*

Exchange Table

You can keep on taking offense without exhausting the supply, but it doesn't pay to do it.

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and the friction and the nerve-racking noise.

The danger of going out on a lark is coming back in an ambulance.

It is not living in the world of yesterday, nor in the world of tomorrow, but in today's world, that counts. We must know the world and the day we are living in, and keep in responsive touch with the great movements of civilization.—*From the American Thresherman.*

* * * * * *

The Strength of Suggestion.—The farm hands and milkmaids of England had an absurd belief that anyone who got sore hands while milking cows would be thereby protected against smallpox; and this queer notion furnished lots of amusement to the physicians who heard of it. By and by one investigated it, and discovered that the idea was true; and yet the inherent absurdity is so great that to this day there are men who refuse to believe the overwhelming evidence proving it.—*Alkaloidal Clinic.*

* * * * * *

This Applies to Suggestive Therapeutics.—But what we started out to say was, that it is unwise to condemn offhand, without investigation, any idea that does not seem to harmonize with our existing system of belief. We may wisely recollect how Cyrus Field was set down as a crank for persisting in the idea of an Atlantic telegraph; how the insane asylums of a century ago confined the lunatics whose crazy brains conceived such preposterous ideas as the telegraph, telephone, railway, the marvels of modern science as we see it, *The Alkaloidal Clinic,* and similar objects with which every-day observation has familiarized the present generation.

Don't be so cocksure you know it all.—*Alkaloidal Clinic.*

* * * * * *

Vibration.—Happiness is vibration. Unhappiness is a muffling of vibration. The chief end of man is to vibrate—to *live*—to ENJOY—*to be happy.* And every human being is a center for the starting of happiness vibrations. He is built that way to begin with.—*Nautilus.*

* * * * * *

Fire from Water.—It has taken Mr. Montgomery just thirty-five years to perfect his latest invention, says the New York *World.* In 1863, while a student of chemistry, he learned that perfect heat is derived from the combustion of one part of oxygen with two parts of hydrogen. Then he recalled that water is composed principally of those two elements in the above proportion. "Why, then, should water not be made to burn?" he asked himself.

Ever since, he has been trying to construct a simple and practical apparatus that would condense the latent heat contained in water and make it perceptible, and now he says he has succeeded. While flowing through the pipe that serves as a feeder the water becomes separated and condensed into gases, which, coming together at a right angle, form a combustion which is continuous and unvarying.

Having invited a friend to his home the other evening, Mr. Montgomery led him to the sitting-room. In the room was a single heating stove. There was no fire in it, but instead a metal tube curled out from under the grate and protruded as high as the stove, terminating in a funnel. Drawing a pailful of water from the kitchen hydrant, the inventor began to pour it by the dipperful into the funnel. A white blaze shot up from the grate, producing intense heat. The water burned perfectly.

"This is what may be done in any stove when my invention is patented," observed Mr. Montgomery. He said that on account of the simplicity of the device he would have to exercise great precaution to effectually protect it by patent. It is his desire that the public may have the use of the invention at a moderate price. In houses where there is running water the apparatus may be attached to a hydrant, when it will require little attention. No steam is made by the burning and no residue is left.

* * * * * *

Art of Telepathy.—According to the New York *Journal* Prof. J. McKean Keppel, of Columbia University, states the following: I cannot entirely agree with Dr. Parkhurst in his views on telepathy, but undoubtedly there is, scientifically speaking, such a phenomenon as thought transference, or telepathy.

The art of it, for it has not yet advanced to the dignity of a science, is still in its veriest infancy.

It may be, and undoubtedly will be, developed by education.

The ideas of such mental phenomena are often and generally poohpoohed now as ridiculous, but that has always been the reception which has met the advances of man.

With growing development of man and mind this telepathy will grow in importance and in practicability, and perhaps in greater utility.

Consider mind reading, so called. That is a mode of thought transference, when it is real, and affords a basis on which we may work.

To argue from this, telepathy is possible. Concentration will do much. "Conversation" at a distance without visible medium for transference will come.

How to develop it is a question which none of us can answer now. It will be a long time before we can answer it.

* * * * * *

Uselessness of Filters.—It is generally accepted that all ordinary bacteria can grow through the lacunar spaces of porcelain filters in a few days' time, but some have thought that the pathogenic species, which gain access through sewage contamination, cannot multiply because of the absence of conditions essential to growth. Contradictory results, published by a number of investigators, led Major W. H. Horrocks (*British Medical Journal*, June 15, 1901) to reinvestigate the subject, using Chamberland-Pasteur and Berkefeld candles. Broth, sterilized sewage, sterilized diluted sewage, sterilized ditch water, and sterilized drinking water, all inoculated with the bacillus of typhoid fever, were used in making filtration tests.

With the Berkefeld candles the results were uniformly positive, the organisms passing through as early as the fifth day, and at latest on the eleventh.

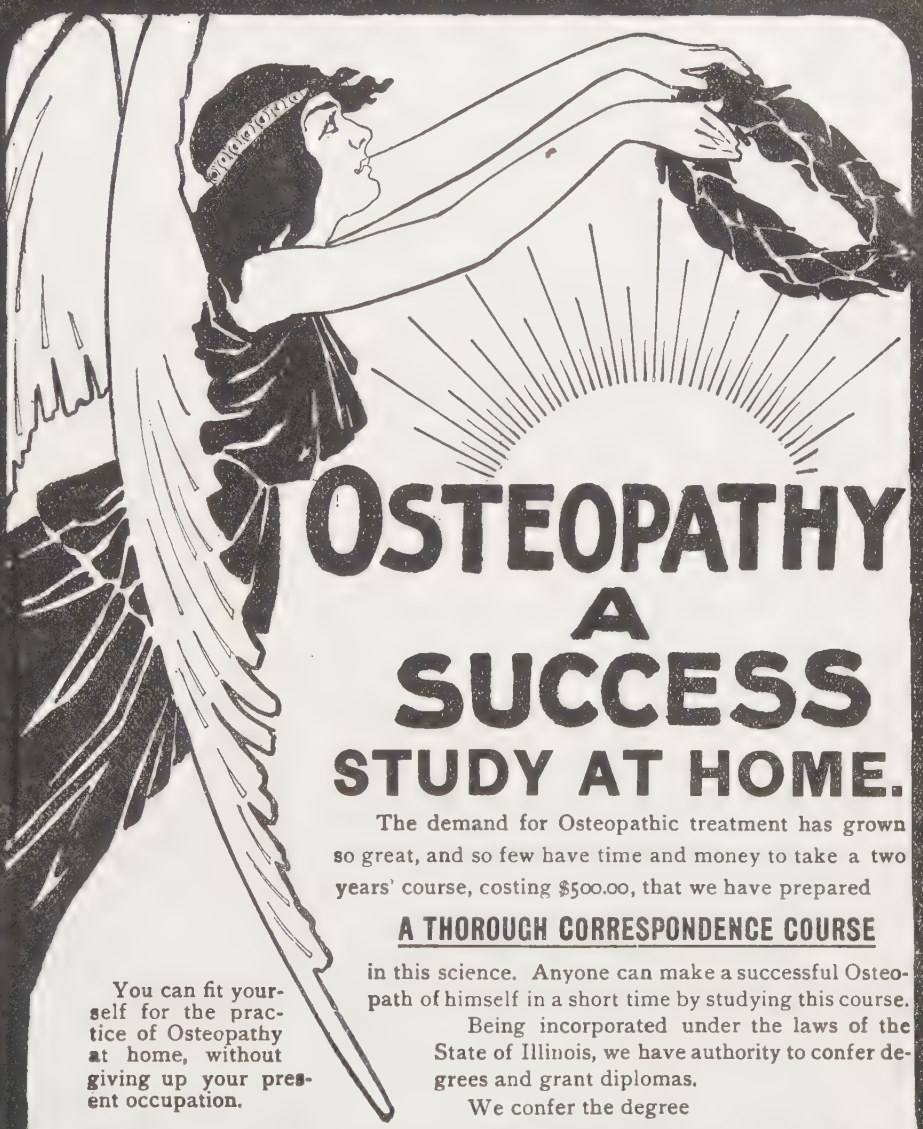
* * * * * *

Hard on Christian Scientists.—According to Judge Arnold, of the Philadelphia courts, Christian Science is an association for gain. He therefore refused to grant it a charter, holding that he had no authority to grant such a charter to a body which was engaged in a business for profit. From this point of view, the "Christian Scientists" are engaged in a money-making enterprise, and the court does not recognize them as merely constituting a church. As practitioners of medicine they are breakers of the law. As tradesmen, they can not be a mere church. As religionists, they cannot also be practitioners of medicine and tradesmen. The multiformity of their enterprise seems in this instance to have brought them into conflict with the law. While their doctrines are unintelligible, their practices are quite easily understood; and we are glad that the court has seen the distinction.—*Phil. Med. Journal.*

* * * * * *

Vaccination Condemned.—My first fact—which could as well come last—is this: That in the matter of vaccination every scientist of world-wide reputation who has through years of investigation given an unbiased mind to the study of this subject, has, as a result decided *against* the practice. The names of Creighton, Crookshank, Wallace, Collins, Boens, Ross, Gregory, Garth Wilkinson, are examples, and are familiar to every student. These men have with difficulty found expressions strong enough to adequately condemn the practice; and Dr. W. J. Collins, who was for many years Public Vaccinator of London, endeavoring to reconcile his theory with his intelligence, at last gave up the struggle, and resigned his lucrative post with the words, "I

(*Continued on page 164.*)



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have not the least confidence in vaccination; it often transmits filthy and dangerous diseases without affording any protection whatever" (statement before a committee of the British House of Commons, Sept. 2, 1882). The argument (often advanced for the purpose of offsetting the above fact) that the "bulk of the medical profession is overwhelmingly in favor of vaccination," is an insult to the intelligence of even a child; for the fact is that there is no medical abuse which has in the past filled the pockets of the undertakers and is now regarded by physicians with aversion, which has not in its day enjoyed the sanction of this same "bulk of the medical profession."

Another fact, which the pro-vaccine doctors do not advertise, is the fact that the average mortality from smallpox is as great now, and has been all along, as it was in the seventeenth century—about 16.7 per cent. The pro-vaccinists claim that vaccination mitigates the disease at least. Now, mitigation can be shown in no other way than by the lowering of the death rate; what conclusion, therefore, is inevitable? Improved sanitation, however, has stepped in within the last century and by cleansing plague spots has lessened the scope of the disease; therefore this stationary condition of the death rate, which should be lower in proportion, gives great color to the claim of the celebrated London physician, Dr. John Pickering, that "if it had not been for vaccination, which has kept smallpox alive, that disease would by this time have been driven from civilization."—*J. M. Greene, M. D., in Modern Medical Science.*

Notes and Comments

EUGENE DEL MAR prints in Denver the *Common Sense Advocate*, and he advocates a high form of mental culture. Here is one of his opinions:

> Deny, affirm, or go into the silence, if one please, and for as long as he may. Denials, affirmations and the silence—of themselves—are of no permanent benefit or value. Their purpose is merely to prepare the ground for cultivation, and to promote receptivity. By themselves, they are utterly valueless. It is the life of principle that tells.
>
> One may seek physical or mental healers, and lean upon them if he please, and for as long as he wish. But these supports, in themselves, are not of the slightest importance. They have no permanent value whatever. A mental crutch is made of finer material than a physical one, but it is a make-shift at the best, and weakens while it continues to sup-

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port. And all external support will fail inevitably after one has refused the opportunity afforded by it to acquire sufficient strength for independence, self-exertion and self-expression.

* * * * * *

THIS IS FROM *The Nautilus*:

The editors of *Vim* have been indulging in rather vicious jabs at what they call "Freak Fads and Fakirs," using Mrs. Catharine Tingley as an illustration. Their classification is rather sweeping to say the least. The question is, are any of us so firmly grounded in wisdom and truth that we can afford to throw sarcasm and invective at those who may be honestly carrying out their deep convictions of truth? Did not a wise teacher once say, "Judge not that ye be not judged?"

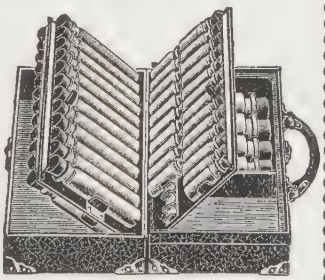
It is a good plan to hoe our own row and not stop occasionally to throw clods at the fellow in next field because he will not see through our spectacles.

* * * * * *

REGARDING THE CASE of a lady who had vomited continuously for three months, and whose life was in danger, Dr. Edward W. Wiswall writes as follows in the *New England Medical Gazette*:

The following method was then tried: A glass of cold water was given the patient. It was insisted upon that she drink it as rapidly as possible. A second glass of water was forced to disappear in the same way, then a third, fourth, fifth and finally the sixth in succession was taken. The patient was then placed flat on her back. All six glasses were drunk with the greatest possible haste. She retained the water in spite of her protests that she was unable to do so. In two hours she took a bowl of soup with quite a degree of confidence. From this time forward she could take nourishment without any repetition of her former vomiting. She began to have an enormous appetite, and gained very fast in health and strength.

Two objects were aimed at: first, to dilate the stomach, which had been practically empty for two or three months;



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second, to restore the patient's confidence in her ability to swallow and retain food. The first of these objects was attained by her drinking a large amount of water and the second, by diverting her mind from her stomach through the suggestion of all those about her, who repeatedly and loudly insisted upon her drinking and retaining one glass of water after another. The mental influence in effecting the cure, was especially marked.

Our comment: Any one who knew the rudiments of suggestive healing could have stopped the vomiting in three minutes, without waiting three months. Psychic disorders are above the reach of any drug and psychic disorders are becoming daily more common. The practitioner who has investigated the suggestive method of healing has no trouble with such conditions.

* * * * * * *

At a Recent meeting of the Homeopathic Medical Society, in Chicago, Dr. Arthur O. Sax is reported to have said:

Anger, anxiety or fear will poison the secretions of the body. Anger or fright promotes a secretion of poison in the sac of a venomous snake, and this is where the snake is ahead of man. We have no organ in which we may store the toxins which we develop for the same purpose, perhaps, as snakes, and consequently we poison ourselves with the material which was meant for our enemies.

This means that every fit of anger is a nail in the coffin and that the more you worry the faster you dig a grave. It is to be hoped that the undertakers will not form a "Society for the Cultivation and Propagation of Anger and Worry, et al."

* * * * * * *

From the Clinical Reports is taken this excerpt:

To live in the city with a lung trouble already developed, especially in a manufacturing town, amidst dust and smoke and foul air, is to sit down and wait for death, for it will surely come to him who attempts to live with a tubercular pulmonary trouble amidst such unfavorable surroundings.

Tent life is ideal, and some people improve every day who never enter a house. Tents are now made for invalids, particularly those suffering from consumption, and they are cool in summer and warm in winter; they are furnished with a stove, bed, toilet table, rugs, etc.; fire is started in the morning, but allowed to go out at night, as subjects of this disease sleep better in a cool atmosphere

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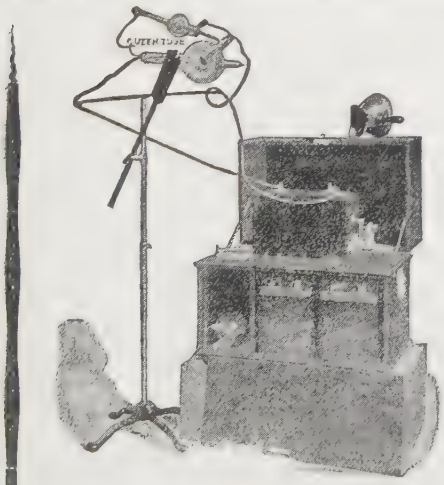

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and cough less. Soap suds, hot warmers, bottles of hot water and hot water bags can be used when the feet and hands are cold. Large, covered porches, well exposed to the sun and screened to prevent the entrance of mosquitoes and insects, are splendid living places. A large porch will give the patient room for exercise, and during favorable seasons of the year he can rest and sleep there day and night. The subject of pulmonary tuberculosis should avoid dampness, but dry, cold weather is not harmful, but rather bracing than otherwise.—*Clinical Review.*

Consumptives, if they desire health, should avoid houses as they would the plague; if they continue living indoors, as usual, their death warrant is soon ready. Air is one of the life essentials, the consumptive must have it in unstinted volume and unquestioned freshness and purity every second of the twenty-four hours. Then, if he only regards the other essentials, food, water and exercise, he can, with every hope of success, look forward to recovery.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble. Count nothing small. The smallest thing may be a link in the golden chain which binds a man to the divine Master himself. —*Ex.*

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MANY EXCHANGES are publishing helpful articles on the power of suggestion as a practical factor in every day life. Surely, the great truths of suggestion are spreading, and thinking men are awakening to the fact that there is a potent power in every one which is reached by suggestive means. Suggestion will make or mar character. Editors are requested to mark all articles bearing on this field of work and send us a copy for notice.

* * * * * * *

THE MARCH ISSUE of *The Life*, Kansas City, contains a leading article on the "Value of Suggestion," which should clear up a great deal of misinformation regarding suggestive therapeutics.

* * * * * * *

SUGGESTION WILL place the body in the proper condition to throw off and resist disease; it will also eradicate mental and physical disorders and assist in mental health and development. Diseases of personality can only be reached by suggestive influences, and there are diseases of personality just as sure as there are bodily infirmities.

* * * * * *

REGARDING THE WORK of the Society for Psychical Research, Richard Hodgson, LL. L., secretary of the American Branch, gives his views as follows:

"If I might put briefly my own opinion as to the chief constructive lines of our work, I should say telepathy has been established; that there is much evidence of clairvoyance, premonitions and similar phenomena; that there is yet other evidence depending on spontaneous experiences that seems to point towards the action of deceased persons; that in the articles of Mr. Myers there is an overwhelming evidence drawn from various sources that human personality is much wider and deeper than most persons have been in the habit of supposing; and that all these related phenomena are pointing more and more

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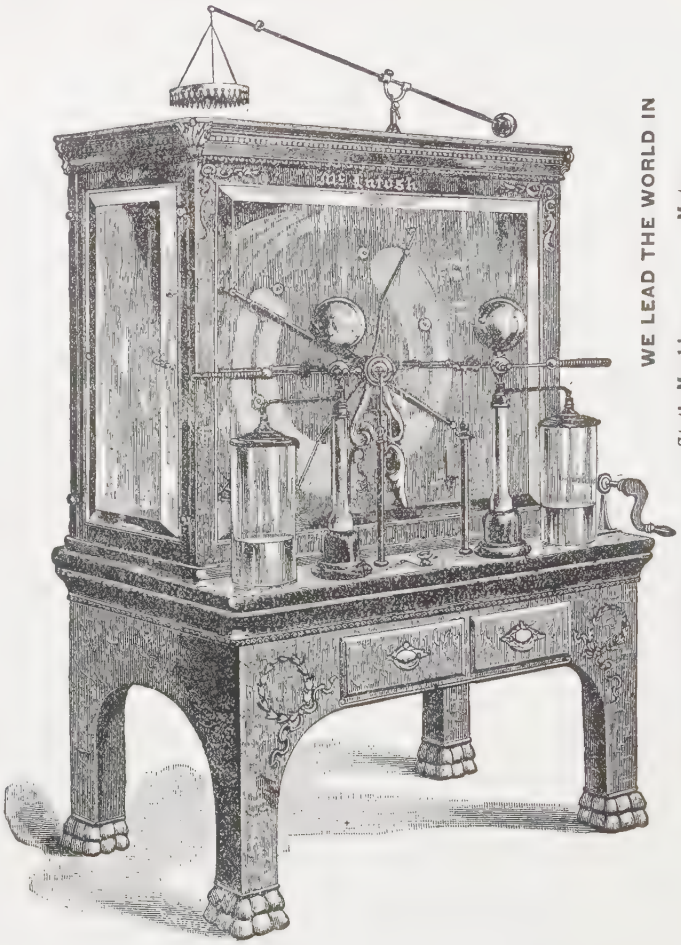

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to the conclusion that man survives death. I believe myself that some such general relation between the various groups of phenomena as Mr. Myers has exhibited will be proven true, and that eventually there will be completely satisfactory evidence drawn from empirical sources and based on strictly scientific grounds, entirely independent of what might be called theological and philosophical considerations, that man indeed does not die with the death of his body."

* * * * * *

IN DISCUSSING the theories to account for occultism, Andrew Lang, a noted investigator in psychic realms, uses the following language:

> My friend, Mr. Lesley, is known to the world as a man of business, a golfer and a composer. One day Mr. Lesley and I had been talking about a lady, unknown to him, but known to me, though I had never seen her house. Mr. Lesley began to look into a glass water-jug, and described what he saw: the interior of a hall of a house, with a good deal of detail. Neither of us recognized the house. I happened later to tell this to the lady of whom we had been talking; she said: "Why, that is my house," and on visiting it, I found that in all respects it answered to Mr. Lesley's description. It may be a common type of hall, but I do not remember having seen one like it elsewhere, nor did Mr. Lesley know any such place.
>
> Now, suppose that the lady who occupied the house had been dead. And suppose that, instead of looking at a glass water-jug, Mr. Lesley had gone into a trance and announced that the dead lady was speaking with his voice. Suppose that when asked for a test, she had described the hall in her house (which was unknown to me and Mr. Lesley), with certain curious details. Would not Dr. Hodgson argue that this might be better explained by the hypothesis of communication through her spirit, than by telepathy between Mr. Lesley and anybody not present who knew the house? Yet, as its owner was and is alive, the theory of a spirit is wholly impossible, and if not telepathy a trois, then some other non-spiritualist theory must account for the facts.

If any one is determined to account for certain facts on the theory of spirit return, when a more rational explanation is at hand, no amount of argument will have any effect. A man will believe as he wants to believe.

Every worker should stock up early in the day with good cheer. There is nothing like it to carry a man along safely and smoothly amidst shoals and riffles. Your associates and even your competitors will like you better for it.—*The Optimist.*

Diamonds ON CREDIT

THERE is only one stage of life —that of extreme poverty — where Diamonds are out of place. The wearing of a Diamond is prima facie evidence of easy prosperous circumstances if not of actual wealth. A Diamond is the badge of prosperity, and whether in business or society, a requisite of success. To be successful you must look successful, and to look successful you must wear a Diamond.

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We are the largest house in the world in our line of business and one of the oldest (Established 1858). We refer to any bank in America. For instance: ask you local bank how we stand in the business world. They will refer to their Dun or Bradstreet book of commercial ratings, and tell you that no house stands higher in credit, promptness or reliability, and that our representations may be accepted without question. **WE GIVE A GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE** with every Diamond; make liberal exchanges at any time, allowing full price paid for a Diamond in exchange for other goods or a larger one. On cash sales we make a most startling proposition. We actually permit you to wear a Diamond of your own selection for an entire year at an expense of less than ten cents per week; then if you wish to return it, we refund all of your money—less ten per cent. Write for full particulars.

You will find our prices from 10 to 20 per cent lower than those of other houses, for we buy and sell more Diamonds than any other house in our line of business and carry a stock of nearly a million dollar's worth of loose and mounted goods. Please write to-day for our beautiful catalogue and our booklet which answers every question that you could possibly ask in regard to our prices, goods, terms and system. It is worth its weight in gold to any intending purchaser.

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Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers

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CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Opposite Marshall Field & Co.

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Look Pleasant.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good.
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how long you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal.*

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth!—*Ex.*

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Catalogue FREE.

CENTURY MF'G CO.

PRICE $33.50

It will pay you to send for our Catalogue No. 6, quoting prices on Buggies, Harness, etc. We sell direct from our Factory to Consumers at Factory Prices. This guaranteed Buggy only $33.50; Cash or Easy Monthly Payments. We trust honest people located in all parts of the world.

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A Scientific Blending of True Santal and Saw Palmetto in a Pleasant Aromatic Vehicle.

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PROSTATIC TROUBLES OF OLD MEN—IRRITABLE BLADDER—
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DOSE:—One Teaspoonful Four Times a Day. OD CHEM. CO., NEW YORK.

Publisher's Department

Advertising Rates The rates for advertising in SUGGESTION are $2.50 per inch per insertion; no discounts for space. Time discounts, three months, 10 per cent; six months, 15 per cent; nine months, 20 per cent; twelve months, 25 per cent. Size of page, 5x8. Preferred positions, 25 per cent extra.

In this department the publishers will comment from time to time on various articles of merit which will appeal to the readers of SUGGESTION. And, unhampered by the traditions of the editorial sanctum, the publisher will make remarks from time to time regarding frauds, fakes, quacks, and catch-penny schemes of fakirs, posing as doctors; and the whole black tribe of fraud, deceit, error and greed.

* * * * * * *

We notice in a recent issue of the *Alkaloidal Clinic* a savage attack on health foods In the same issue appeared an article showing that appendicitis follows in the wake of white flour as a shark follows a death ship, and yet at the first attempt to introduce rational foods the journal in question utters a deep protest and uses such terms as "saw dust," "bran," etc., in reference to prepared cereals. Even bran is a more rational food than white flour, and will sustain life longer. Is it not strange that health reform is wounded in the house of its friends?

* * * * * * *

Editor Professor Von Boeckmann, of *Vim*, a most estimable health journal, is getting into hot water. He recently wrote

The Latest, Most Useful and Cleverest Little Article Ever Invented

Glogau's Alcohol-Gas Stove....

for travelers, sick room, camp, chafing dish, light housekeeping, or wherever gas is not available or desirable. The very thing for the use of physicians for sterilizing purposes, etc.

It manufactures its own gas by first vaporizing the alcohol. It produces more heat than any other alcohol stove and consumes only one-eighth the amount of fuel. (2c worth of alcohol in an hour.) It is non-explosive. Burns smokeless, odorless, wickless. Has a reservoir holding 7 ounces of alcohol. It boils a quart of water in 9 minutes. Either wood or grain alcohol can be used. Used in the camps and hospitals of the United States, German, British and French armies and is the cheapest, safest and handiest alcohol stove ever put on the market.

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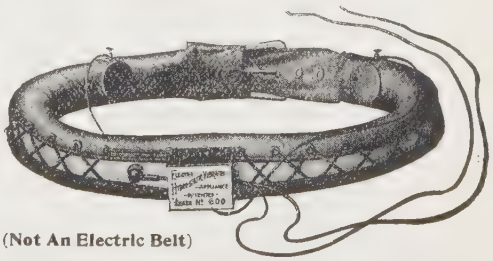
The Glogau Co., 17 Quincy Street, CHICAGO

YOU CAN GENERATE

VITALITY

And Power—Physical and Mental—by Means of the Wonderful



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A scientific energy-maker far superior to electricity and absolutely harmless; more effective than artificial stimulants, and **the stimulation it produces is natural and lasting.** Increases the flow of nervous energy. Restores circulation of blood. Stimulates muscles to activity; the glands to increased circulation. Produces new life changes throughout the whole organism. Electricity is not applied to body. It is used to vibrate interior of belt.

FOR SEXUAL WEAKNESS

Nervous Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Insomnia, Neuralgia, etc., nothing equals this treatment. Invaluable in **Rheumatism, Paralysis, Stomach and Bowel Troubles, Headaches,** etc. Has also solved the problem of how to

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A boon to physicians and to all who seek a means of **HOME TREATMENT** which can be easily and safely applied. Booklet and full information FREE.

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THERE IS MONEY IN FITTING SPECTACLES.

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TWO DIPLOMAS GRANTED.

The one fee pays for both **Correspondents' and Attendant** Courses, and all Extension Courses. It includes a **Life Scholarship,** two Handsome Diplomas and Degrees "Fellow in Ophthalmology" and "Doctor of Optics."

a letter condemning the use of distilled water; said it was certainly injurious. Yet in his next issue, he recommended this same deadly water to an inquirer. The U. S. Navy has used distilled water for twenty years, and our Jack tars do not show any signs of distilled water poison. All of which shows that while the Professor is an authority on respiration—may his shadow never grow less—he is rusty on *aqua pura*. Shall we be cruel to say, "Shoemaker, stick to your last?"

* * * * * * *

We saw an immense lightning generator the other day. It was a static x-ray machine, the largest ever built in the west—one that can produce a miniature bolt of lightning twenty-two inches long and as large as a lead pencil. In olden times Jove would have enjoyed one of these thunder-mills—how he would have worried Venus, and Mercury and old Saturn by turning his machine on them! Well, twenty-four plates, forty-four and forty-eight inches in diameter are required, and all others parts are in proportion. The machine was built by N. O. Nelson & Co., 171 E. Randolph street, Chicago, and we are assured by the firm that any reader of SUGGESTION will receive full information regarding x-ray apparatus by mentioning this magazine, and that all inquiries will be cheerfully answered. We hope about a thousand of the SUGGESTION family will take these thunder makers at their word, and ask them a few questions. Oh, yes, and be sure to ask for catalogue "S," which will be sent for a postal.

* * * * * * *

Brother MacFadden of Physical Culture is doing yeoman-like work in his attacks on Quackery. He is giving special attention to the electric belt frauds, patent medicine fakes, and to all forms of fraud in connection with physical culture, hygiene and right living. More power to thy pen, Mr. Editor—Athlete.

* * * * * * *

This magazine is a popular monthly review devoted to suggestive therapeutics, medical

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of untold value reach you through handsome office surroundings. Order is the first law of

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113 Adams Street, CHICAGO

hypnotism, the rationale of drugless healing, and the scientific investigation of occult phenomena. We believe that genuine occultism is at times experienced; but that we need not further than the domain of natural science to find adequate explanation for all facts. At the same time we respect the honest opinion of all, and these pages are open to those who differ from our conclusions.

* * * * * * *

How many advertisers ever saw a post-office mailing receipt? Mailing receipts show circulation. A mailing receipt is Uncle Sam's guarantee of circulation. It is official. The next time the question of circulation comes up ask for this document. Every publication entered as second class matter receives one of these receipts monthly.

* * * * * * *

A sample copy of SUGGESTION will be sent to any address in response to a postal.

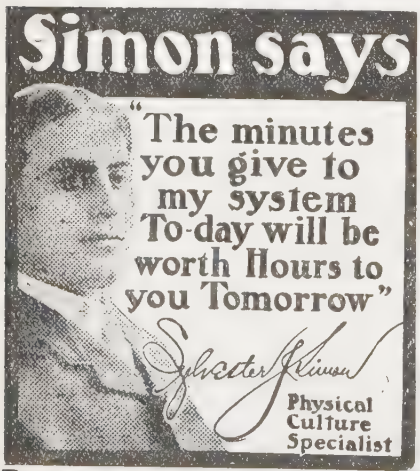
SUGGESTION'S mailing receipts show a circulation of from 8,000 to 12,000 per month, which means from 50,000 to 60,000 readers. And the readers of SUGGESTION are intelligent, thinking, progressive readers—just the kind advertisers want to reach.

* * * * * * *

SUGGESTION will issue facsimiles of these receipts every month. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

* * * * * * *

The Geneva Lithia water people, 35 Randolph street, Chicago, seem to doubt that the SUGGESTION readers will take any interest in a natural lithia water. Unquestionably lithia water will greatly aid in the elimination of uric acid, lime, mineral matter and earthy salts, which collect in the system through the


Simon says
"The minutes you give to my system To-day will be worth Hours to you Tomorrow"
Sylvester J. Simon
Physical Culture Specialist

Simon's Natural Development System

A METHOD OF PHYSICAL CULTURE BASED ON the only rational principle—bodily power used to combat natural ills—and endorsed by thousands of prominent business men and women as an unfailing corrective of **Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatism, Torpid Liver, Insomnia, Kidney Troubles, etc. MAIL COURSE** for non-residents. Write or call for booklet and [illegible]

Sylvester J. Simon, S-14 Quincy St., Chicago.

Facts About Goat Lymph

This treatment is not a theory nor the dream of enthusiasts; its therapeutic value is borne out by cures of many cases hitherto considered incurable by usual methods.

Its field of usefulness is sharply defined and limited. It embraces the treatment of **neurasthenia (nervous prostration or exhaustion), premature old age, chronic articular rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, paralysis agitans, hemiplegia, epilepsy,** and similar diseases; within this field the lymph secures a high percentage of absolute cures — its effects are **positive** and **permanent.** As a revitalizer and reinvigorant of depleted mental and physical powers it is a specific.

An interesting booklet descriptive of the treatment, will be mailed on request. It tells what goat lymph is, how it is administered, what ailments it cures, and how sufferers from any of the diseases in which its use is indicated may obtain it.

Goat Lymph Sanitarium Association
Gilbert White, M. D., Medical Director.
Auditorium Building, Chicago.

inactivity of the kidneys, and which eminent authorities say are a leading factor in the causation of most diseases, old age and death. The Geneva people will answer all inquiries cheerfully, and it will rather please us if our readers will investigate Geneva water and let us know the results. The water is absolutely harmless, and young and old can use it without fear of injury.

* * * * * * *

Strangers in Chicago, interested in advanced thought, will be made welcome at 87 Washington street, room 419, which is the headquarters for occult, metaphysical and new thought literature; Coolidge & Waterloo, managers. Any book desired will be furnished at publisher's prices. Chicago is the center of the advanced thought movement in the United States, and those interested can have their wants quickly supplied.

* * * * * * *

SUGGESTION subscribers and readers are offered a medicine case at a very low figure. E. B. Marshall, of 185 Lake street, Chicago, has a card in another column, and quotes a very fine case at $4.50. He wants to find out if people read advertisements, and states that any one who secures one of these cases for $4.50 will have a bargain.

Surgical instruments are unpleasant things to look at sometimes, but the art of the instrument maker has often saved life and prevented suffering. Huston Bros., 113 Adams street, Chicago, have complete lines of surgical and dental instruments and will be especially pleased to correspond with any SUGGESTION reader who is interested in their advertisement. Say you are a SUGGESTION reader and no further introduction is needed.

* * * * * * *

Mechanical massage and vibrations applied by mechanical means are now accepted as therapeutic agencies of great value and have a specific position in the great system of drugless healing. The appliances for sale by the Hygeia Vibratory Co., of this city, are scientifically constructed and may be used with benefit. It will cost nothing to investigate the theory of vibrations, as a postal will bring an illustrated booklet.

* * * * * * *

Many physicians are taking a practical interest in x-ray therapeutics, and to meet the demand for a complete outfit at a reasonable price, the American X-Ray Company, 35 Randolph street, Chicago, announce a special portable cost outfit for $175 and solicit letters from any interested.

The Simplex Spirometer

is the size of an alarm clock; it hangs on the wall; it has a dial and index registering 400 cubic inches; a tube is attached. It registers accurately the capacity of your lungs---not the pressure.

If you use a Simplex Spirometer daily for a month, you will increase the size of your chest; positively, or your money refunded.

A postal will bring detailed information. This machine is made for us and we guarantee it in every respect.

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Every department of Forensic Medicine discussed in its columns.

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Of that body. This journal publishes the BULLETIN of the

American Congress of Tuberculosis

of 1900 and 1901, held in New York City. It publishes the papers read before the **Medico-Legal Society,** and keeps pace with the progress of Medical Jurisprudence in all countries; devoting especial attention to **Psychological Medicine;** Hypnotism, Telepathy, so-called Modern Spiritism, Suggestive Therapeutics; the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity; of Inebriety, **Toxicology, Sociological Questions, Criminology, Penology and Public Health.**

The current volume (XIX) will be largely devoted to

"THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS"

It is also producing in serial numbers **Historical Sketches of the Supreme Court of the States and Provinces of North America,** by States, of which Volume I, containing about thirteen states and provinces, are included, and will shortly be published with portraits of the Judges at a cost of $5.00 per volume. Address:

MEDICO-LEGAL JOURNAL

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This, That and the Other

An Up-to-Date Shop.

"This towel," said the attendant in the germ-proof barber shop, "has been subjected to an extreme heat, and is thoroughly sterilized. We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection or contagion."

"Good thing," commended the patron.

"This soap," went on the attendant, picking up the cake thereof, "has been debacterialized, and the comb and brush are thoroughly antiseptic ised."

"Great scheme," said the patron.

"The chair in which you sit is given a daily bath in bichloride of mercury, while its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 987 degrees, which is guaranteed to shrivel up any bacillus that happens along."

"Hot stuff," said the patron.

"The razor and lather brush are boiled before being used, and the lather cup is dry-heated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs being concealed in it."

"Fine," said the patron.

DON'T GROW OLD

Use Nature's Remedy for old age.—It removes poison;-it stimulates the kidneys;-it dissolves gravel;-it is not a drug;-it is the foe to rheumatism;-it takes stiffness from the joints;-it strengthens the heart;-it promotes the vigor and fire of life.—Do you doubt it?—Many have.—The natural remedy for the multitude of ills arising from the *Uric Acid Diathesis* is **Geneva Lithia Water**

If you will write or phone to FLOYD MILLER, 35 Randolph St., Chicago, and mention **Suggestion,** some important information will be mailed. Send the names of your friends who might be interested. Opportunity knocks once at every door.

"The hot water with which the lather is mixed is always double heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled. It is as pure as it can be made."

"Excellent," said the patron.

"Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze. The shoe polish at the boot-black chair is boiled, and then frozen, and the——"

"Well, look here," said the patron, who had been sitting, wrapped in the towel, during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of a germ that you have to talk to death?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant, "but I am not the barber."

"You're not? Where is he?"

"They are boiling him, sir."—*Baltimore American.*

Schoolboy—"Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, and gained twenty pounds a day?"

Schoolmaster (indignantly)—"No, I didn't. Whose baby was it? Answer me or I'll thrash you."

Schoolboy—"The elephant's baby."—*The Schoolmaster.*

Friend is a word of royal tone,
Friend is a poem all alone.

—*Christina Rosetti.*

A PERFECT ELECTRIC **"ACTINA"** POCKET BATTERY

EYESIGHT RESTORED

DEAFNESS CURED.

By the Great Eye Restorer and Only Catarrh Cure.

ACTINA is a marvel of the nineteenth century, for by its use the Blind see, the Deaf hear, and Catarrh is impossible. Actina is an absolute certainty in the cure of cataracts Pterygiums, Granulated Lids, Glaucoma, Amaurosis, Myopia, Presbyopia, Common Sore Eyes, or Weakened Vision from any cause. No animal except man wears spectacles. **There need not be a spectacle used on the streets of the world and rarely to read with. Street glasses abandoned.** Actina also cures Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and Weak Lungs. Actina is not a snuff or lotion, but a **Perfect Electric Pocket Battery,** usable at all times and in all places by young or old. The one instrument will cure a whole family of any of the above forms of disease.

Mr. F. W. Harwood, Springfield, Mass., says that "Actina" cured him of deafness of nine years' standing.

Robert Baker, 80 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I should have been blind had I not used 'Actina.'"

Prof. Wilson's Magneto-Conservative Garments cure Paralysis, Rheumatism, and all chronic forms of disease. These garments are as puzzling to the physicians as is the wonder-working "Actina."

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE. Prof. Wilson's Treatise on the Eye and on Disease in General. It should interest everyone afflicted with any form of disease.

NEW YORK and LONDON ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION,

Dept. 206. 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Tranquility.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yea, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!—*Success.*

Be Helpful.

When it becomes the joy of our lives to render service—to give ourselves unto the least and the greatest—we shall find that a great immutable law of compensation restores to us again sevenfold.—*Ex.*

HEADQUARTERS

For

all Metaphysical, Occult and Liberal literature.

Any book desired not in the extensive stock on hand, will be procured at once, and all mail orders promptly filled.

All in Chicago, or throughout the country, are invited to make themselves at home in the rooms, whether intending the purchase of books or not.

COOLIDGE & WATERLOO

87 Washington Street,

Send for Catalogue. Room 419.

The Value of Correct Breathing.

Nothing is more essential to the proper assimilation and digestion of food, and, consequently, to keeping the blood in good condition, than right breathing. The oxygen of the air is the great vitalizer and purifier of the blood and the renewer and upbuilder of the human system. If pale, hollow-cheeked anemics, narrow-chested, predisposed consumptives, and fretful, irritable dyspeptics would only realize this, and, throwing away their drugs and patent medicines, fill their half-starved, undeveloped lungs with nature's own unfailing tonic, what a change would be wrought in their lives! Not only physical, but also mental vigor, as well as cheerfulness and will power, are dependent, to a great extent, on the amount of oxygen we absorb, so we can readily see of what prime importance in the economy of nature is the habit of correct breathing.—*Success.*

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower. —*Ex.*

Trouble gwinter find you,
'Taint no use to run,
But dar's boun' to be some blessin's
When de trouble all is done.
An' de joy is jes' as certain
As de day of sorrow's doom,
Foh when it's time foh roses,
Why de roses gwinter bloom.

—*Washington Star.*

Little journeys to lake resorts and mountain homes will be more popular this summer than ever. Many have already arranged their summer tours via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

and many more are going to do likewise. Booklets that will help you to plan your vacation trip have been issued for those interested and will be sent on receipt of postage as follows:

"Colorado—California" six cents.
"In Lakeland" and "Summer Homes," six cents.
"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," four cents.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.